

The World.

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MILLIONAIRES' CHARITIES.

The club-house which John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is to build for his Sunday-school class will cost \$350,000. For nominal dues it will provide all the essential club-house features, including a dining-room and living apartments for the club members. These now number 400, and the membership is constantly increasing. It is a most laudable use of the young millionaire's money.

But in Philadelphia Mr. Carnegie's former partner, Henry Phipps, is preparing to spend \$1,000,000 to much better purpose. It is not that his investment will be three times as great as Mr. Rockefeller's, but that it will be devoted to the establishment of an institution for the study, treatment and prevention of consumption. This institution "will be located in the centre of the city, among the poor, where it will be easily accessible, and the best scientific talent will be obtained for it."

Now it is a very excellent thing to give poor boys a taste of club life. There is something about the associations of a club that stimulates to higher endeavor and develops the real worth of the one frequenting it and mixing with his fellows better than any other form of social contact. A club is one of the best institutions of society.

But what Mr. Phipps purposes to do is to take as many as he can of those on whom that awful plague, well named the white scourge, has fastened itself and to seek to save them by the best remedial means of science. This is the most beneficent of charities.

Of the 1,039,094 deaths from all causes in the United States during the year ending May 31, 1900, 109,750 were from consumption.

It is an awful record. In more than a hundred thousand families there was the pitiful sight of a loved one wasting away, the color fading from the cheeks, the strength from the voice, the life visibly ebbing.

To check this scourge and to rescue the afflicted from death is a noble project. Without disparagement of Mr. Rockefeller's club-house, we must regard it as an infinitely superior use of a well-spent fortune.

For when all is said, our lives are of more importance to us than our morals.

THE NEW SOUTH'S NEW WORK.

There is occurring in the South almost unknown to us here in the North a remarkable educational evolution. It is in effect a combined and general industrial and social uplifting of the entire mass of the common people of the South by the simultaneous bettering of their common schools—by the consolidation of old school districts, the creation of new ones and the improvement and systematization of the instruction given and the raising of larger school funds. In the words of Prof. Sadler, an eminent British man of science, it is a movement "not of local or merely of national, but of international importance."

At the dinner which Mr. Robert C. Ogden gave at the Waldorf to the Southern Education Board and the General Education Board, and at the Carnegie Hall meeting on the following night, the purpose and progress of the movement were explained very lucidly by Southern orators and educators.

It was a surprising thing to a Northern audience to hear the Governor of Virginia say that educational topics now transcend politics in interest and importance in the Old Dominion.

It was equally surprising to hear that when Gov. Aycock of North Carolina made his latest canvass, larger crowds gathered to hear him discuss education than to hear his political speeches.

It gives one an idea of the sincerity and earnestness of the movement to hear of a school superintendent sacrificing a salary of \$2,000 a year for a pittance of \$700 in his chosen field of work. And an idea of the popular concern in it is to hear of the old people lying awake, quite in the old Western log cabin way, to contrive means to send the children to school for the full term.

A new South indeed! In the old, as President Alderman, of Tulane, put it, the centre and focus of the community life was the court-house. In the new it is the school-house. And by that token there is the prelude of an eventual industrial rivalry with the North replacing the former political. This is the work which these Boards of Education have undertaken and which they are forwarding so energetically and so successfully.

A MAN'S ANCESTORS.

Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, speaking before the Colonial Wars Society on ancestry hunting, paid his respects to the man of manufactured pedigree. This individual is not, of course, a new product of society. Samuel Rogers knew of a very fine family tree that had its roots in a silver mug purchased at an auction and inscribed with a very beautiful coat of arms.

There is really no reason why any one of us should hesitate to indulge in pride of ancestry. The family families wonderfully as we trace it back. By our parents we are kin with two families, by our grandparents with four, by great-grandparents with eight. Each generation doubles the number until, a few centuries back, we may find traces of drops of blood derived from Alexander, Caligula or William the Conqueror. The ancestral line not royal or princely that extends further back than a thousand years is rare, but where a claim is set up there is at least no proof to demolish it.

To take as an illustrative example a member of Winthrop's colony in the settlement of Dedham in 1636: His wife came in the same ship with him. His son's wife brought a strain of Plymouth Pilgrim blood into the family, his grandson's a strain of Holland Dutch lineage from New York, and his great-grandson's a line of Huguenot ancestry. By the time the blood of 1636 reaches the present day of grace it may have become blended with the blood of king-makers, regicides, outlaws, highwaymen, possibly with that of an Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire.

The progeny of this Dedham couple in question has numbered the tens of thousands. Cities and counties are named after them, avenues and public buildings. Some have become millionaires, others have performed remained poor. They have entered into all forms of human activity and endeavor.

Even a very cursory acquaintance with one's own family tree is a cause of intense personal interest. To speculate on what an ancestor was doing in King Richard's day is of far more consequence to the individual than to know that any act of King Richard himself, and

JOKES OF THE DAY

"Riches take wings," the proverb says. Perhaps this fact may be the reason why an eagle's stamped on all our currency."

"In old times, in England, when a man was to be hanged, a woman could save his life by marrying him."
"So, even in those days the English dropped the letter 'h' did they?"
"What's that got to do with it?"
"Why, you said she could substitute 'altar' for 'halter'."

"My dear," said the young husband, "did you ever speak to the milkman about there being no cream on the milk?"

"Yes; I told him about it this morning, and he has explained it satisfactorily, and I think it is quite a credit to him, too."

"What did he say?"

"He said that he always filled the bottles so full that there was no room on the top for the cream."—Kansas City Star.

Boston Girl—The subject of "The Advisability of Long Engagements" is discussed a good deal in Beacon street, just now.

Chicago Matron—Prairie avenue's just been discussing something of that sort: "The Advisability of Long Marriages."

"Did your father never advise you to try to rise in life, my little man?"

"Now, Th' old geezer says chain-clippin' is a lot better business than second-story work."

"I hear he's got money to burn."
"Well, he's got anthracite, and that amounts to about the same thing."

A youth who was strong on fitness Used choice words his thoughts to express.

When of clothing bereft, Till he'd just one suit left, He observed: "No, I have no re-dre-me."

"Would you marry a man whose wife had secured a divorce from him for cruelty?"

"I could tell better after I saw the woman."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"He lost \$50,000 on a promissory note."

"How did it happen?"

"It was the note he sent Miss Serenleaf, promising to marry her. The jury gave her all the damages she asked."

SOMEBODIES.

CHAMBERLAIN, MRS. JOSEPH—will be entertained by the American women of Johannesburg while she and the Colonial Secretary are in that city.

DEVANDRE, MAJOR H. Q.—who has just died at Vienna, was the only American serving in the Austrian army. He was formerly a Yankee diplomat.

SCOTT, W. T.—is President of Franklin College. W. H. McCoy, janitor of that institution, was one of Scott's classmates in college. In those days McCoy was honor man of his class, while Scott was far behind him in all studies.

SIPIAGOT, M.—ex-Minister of the Interior for Russia, banished, without trial, 61,000 persons.

VILAU, PETER—is the oldest native-born resident of Milwaukee. He celebrated his eighty-third birthday last week.

WIECK, MISS MARIE—sister-in-law of the great composer Schumann, is court pianist at Dresden. She is seventy years old.

WOMEN AND ODD PENNIES.

A business woman who prides herself that she combines qualities of both sexes sufficiently to observe each impartially declares that she finds woman in almost all her habits the direct antithesis of man, says the Public Ledger.

"Take their use of pennies," she said. "In the department stores, where prices are always in odd pennies, a woman seldom hands out the exact price of her purchases. She likes to get change, so if she is buying an article for 39 cents she will almost invariably hand the salesgirl half a dollar, though she may have the exact sum in her hand. But the man will fish around in his pockets and try to find enough small coins to make up the exact price."

"When they get on a street car, however, with truly human inconsistency, it is the woman who keeps the conductor waiting while she hunts up her pennies and counts out five of them, while the man pays his fare with the first coin he strikes when he puts his hand in his pocket."

"Then, again, in buying a newspaper the man hunts for the little copper coin, but the woman almost invariably requires the newsboy to make change, probably saving her pennies for the overworked street-car conductor."

WORK.

Let me but do my work from day to day.

In field or forest, at the desk or loom,

In roaming market-place, or tranquil room;

Let me but find it in my heart to say,

When vagrant wishes beckon me astray—

"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;

Of all who live, I am the one by whom

This work can be best done, in the right way."

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,

To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;

Then shall I cheerfully greet the laboring hours

And cheerful turn when the long shadows fall

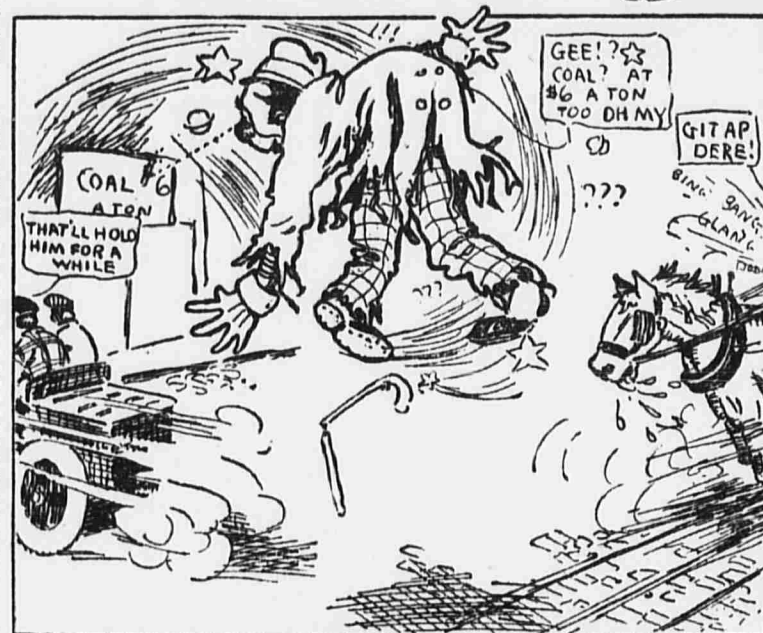
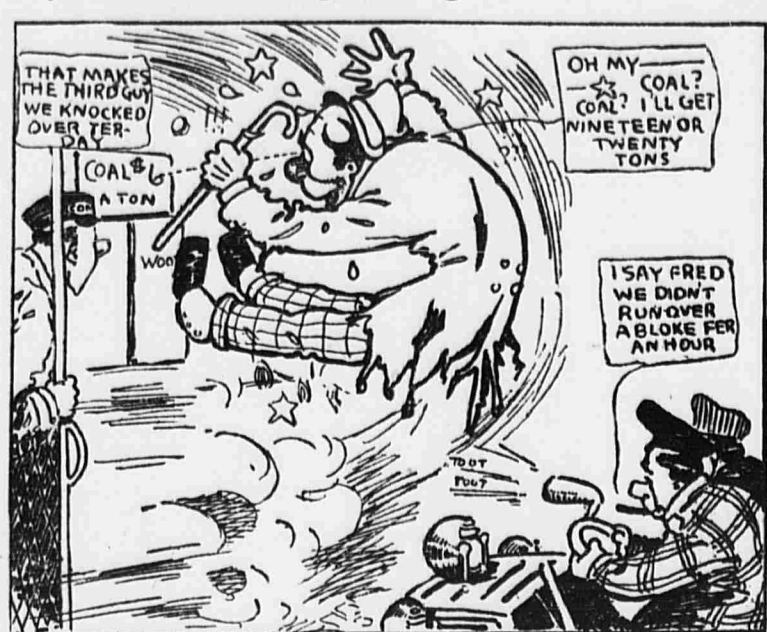
At eventide, to play and love and rest,

Because I know for me my work is best.

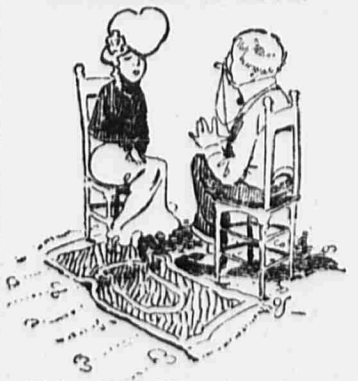
—Harry Van Dyke.

THESE ARE STRENUOUS DAYS FOR COAL CONSUMERS

Mr. Hardluck's Hair-Breadth Escape from Securing a Bargain.



AN ERRAND OF LOVE.



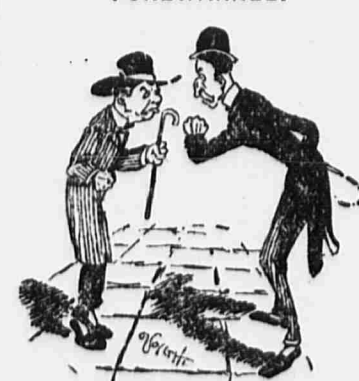
Rose—When I go? Nothing would give me greater pleasure.

HE WOULDN'T LIE.



Hobo Hank—Lady, I wouldn't tell yer no lie—I wuz.

FOREWARNED.



Thattu—Well, lemme warn you right now, I won't tip him!

CHRONIC STRIKER.



Smith—Do you know Short? Jones—Yes. Smith—What sort of a fellow is he? How does he strike you? Jones—He strikes me for \$5 usually.

WINTER EVENING AMUSEMENT IN THE HOME.

WHAT'S IN THE POT?



A MAGIC PILL BOX.

Do you know how to make the magic pill box? No? Well, this is the way: Take a small, round pill box and a coin that exactly fits into it. Cover one side of the coin with paper of exactly the color of the inside of the box. Show the coin to the audience, being careful to expose only the face that is not covered. Now drop it into the box with the covered face up. Put the lid on the box and show the audience that the coin has disappeared. Put the lid on the box, again make a few passes, open the box and let the coin fall out into your hand, with its uncovered face up. When you show it to the audience they will be mystified.

A HAIRPIN WATER MILL.

Fasten two hairpins together with a little wax or by tying at several points with thread so that they look like one broad hairpin with a groove running along it. Bend the ends of the compound hairpin at right angles, but in opposite directions, so that as the pin lies on the table one end points up and the other down. Spread the legs of the pin and balance it on the point of a lead pencil stuck on a saucer with wax. The groove between the individual pins makes it easy to balance the apparatus and also affords a channel for a few drops of water which you pour gently on the top with a spoon. The water follows the bent ends and escapes as two horizontal jets in opposite directions, while the little mill turns swiftly on its pivot, the motion of each end being opposite to that of the jet on that side. The motion may be kept up indefinitely by adding a drop or two of water whenever the mill slows up.

A FEW CONUNDRUMS.
What color is the grass when covered with snow? Invisible green.
At what time of day was Adam born? A little before Eve.
What letter is best for a deaf woman? A, because it makes her hear.
Why is a dog's tail like the rib of a barrel? It is furthest from the bark.



THE TRAVELLER GAME.
The traveller leaves the room. The rest of the company decide on the countries they will represent. These are some of the representations which may be used: A girl who represents a Turkish lady may recline upon a sofa. For her turban she may use a twisted handkerchief, and she may smoke a pipe made from an ordinary stick. A German lady should be knitting with her feet on the stove. A Laplander, warmly wrapped, should be shown driving reindeer, which may be represented by turned over chairs.

The Lap should have a rug over his knees. A gypsy's tent may be easily shown, using a shawl and a couple of chairs. A German student can be shown singing a Rhine song, wearing a turndown collar and carrying a knapsack and a book. Other countries may be represented by similar simple devices. When all are ready the traveller comes into the room and endeavors to guess what nation each person represents by his appearance, occupation, etc.

THE FLOWER GAME.
There is a card for each guest, with the name of a flower written this way: E. O. R. S., for rose, and so on. (Rose is the easiest one, of course, the other flowers are harder to guess). You can put five names of flowers on each card or as many as you like and they must be written out by each guest, allowing

THE MAN HIGHER UP.

On Platt Going Back to the Senate.

"I SEE Tom Platt is going back to the Senate," remarked the Cigar-Store Man.

"Yes," replied The Man Higher Up, "and you see the yellow cars running up and down Broadway. There is nothing more unusual in that than there is in Platt going back to the Senate. Who did you think they were going to send to Washington? Abe Gruber or some other politician who is always putting sand into the bearings of the machine?"

"Of course, Platt goes back to the Senate. Some people thought he was down and out, but he was only taking the count. As soon as he heard the referee count nine he jumped to his feet and went to a clinch to save his wind. When it comes up for final round the Legislature he will be dancing all around the ring with his guard up and his left searching for the eddies of the opposition."

"It isn't the first time the old man has taken the count. He has taken smashes on the political jaw that would have made the elephant of the G. O. P. hear the sound of chiming bells. But all he did was lay on the floor and breathe hard. Two or three times he has been soaked hard and lost the decision, but he was out with challenge the next day and he continues to hold the championship."

"May be it would have been different if his opponents had been able to run in a performer sound in wind and limb and with a record opposite his name. But the old man had a field of skates against him. When they doped it out the best they could figure was a deadlock and Platt will get his franks on the telegraph companies in the same old way."

"There was a whole lot of brass-band business about this opposition to Platt, anyhow. A few cogs of the machine went wrong up-State, and two or three rural politicians tried to take the lever away from the old man and run it to suit themselves. Brackett, the Saratoga Senator, who was in the scheme, overplayed himself. This Brackett is a wise guy in Saratoga, but when it comes to spreading himself from Montank Point to Niagara Falls he makes an exceedingly thin covering for the ground."

"Brackett is the man who has the gambling situation in Saratoga in the palm of his hand—or he has had up to this time. He is the man who froze out everybody but Canfield and a few others and caused old Cal Mitchell to commit suicide. When Brackett framed up his scheme the idea was that nothing should go in Saratoga but high-class, square gambling, but he allowed a joint to run there last summer, a block away from Broadway, that was about the rawest in the United States."

"It is only in highly moral communities like Saratoga that they can elect a man like Brackett. The guy who is directly associated with gambling in this town shuts himself out of all chances for a finger in the political pie, unless he inserts it on the quiet. If Brackett's record hadn't been against him he might have scared up enough opposition to down the old man."

"The main parts of the Republican machine are up State. Down here there are only a few pulleys and hangers. Platt, Odell, Low and a few others are in a scheme to move the flywheel of the machine below the Harlem River, but they haven't got enough hands on the work. They may Republicanize the police force and the Fire Department and other city departments, but about the time they begin to get up steam somebody will tamper with the water gauge and blow up the boiler."

"Platt is a good Senator," said the Cigar-Store Man. "He gets jobs for his men," agreed The Man Higher Up, "but he is about as much use to the State of New York in the Senate as a statue of Roscoe Conkling would be."

A MARKED FISH IN NORTH SEA.



The governments of the countries bordering on the North Sea (France excepted) are engaged in a joint examination of the decline of fisheries. A poked number of fish have been or in buttons attached to their fins, and thus labelled are put back to the sea. The illustration shows one of these tagged fish.

BREAKFAST IS A MISTAKE.

The old contention that breakfast is a mistake has been revived by a professor of what is called physical health culture, says the London Globe. The world has accustomed itself to think that it is hungry on rising, and so for the majority of Englishmen the first meal is a fine, hearty breakfast of the longest fast in the twenty-four hours. But we are asked to persuade ourselves that we are not hungry; that after the rest of the night our bodies are fitted for a long spell of work without any stimulus from nourishment; in short, that we can go from last night's dinner to to-day's luncheon without bite or sup. It is a matter of mind control. "Morning hunger is morbid hunger, and those who feel the most hunger in the morning are really in most need of fasting." We doubt very much if medical science would approve this dictum, and we are very certain that it will not commend itself to the laity. One can dogmatize on food less satisfactorily than on any other subject in the world, for we have all long ago agreed literally that what is one man's meat is another man's poison. Nevertheless, we are disposed to allow that there is much in the French system—particularly in summer—of breaking the fast only very lightly. But this is the rule of so many people in England that it needs no advocacy. To abolish the breakfast altogether will be found as difficult as to abolish the House of Lords or the custom of shaking hands.

INCREASE IN CARRIAGES.

One hundred years ago there were five carriages to each man in England. Now there are carriages to each man.